Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ.Ford. There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ.Ford. Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſ.Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he Might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſ.Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſ.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.

Miſ.Ford. Wee'l try that: for ile appoint my m
ry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore wit
they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently
dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Miſt.Ford. Ile firſt direct my men, what t
doe with the basket: Goe vp, ile bring linnen
ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhonſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doe,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the bas basket againe
ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if he bi
it downe, obey him; quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight again

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much le

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Maſter *Page*) haue
way then to vnfoole mee againe. Set downe th
villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a
Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin
a conſpiracie againſt mee. Now ſhall the diuel b
What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold
neſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Maſter *Ford*, you are n
looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde,
dogge.

Shal. Indeed Maſter *Ford*, this is not well inde

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *For*
Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertu
ture, that hath the iealous foole to her husband
without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?